

THE PARADISE MYSTERY

By J. S. Fletcher

THIS STARTS THE STORY

The little English cathedral town of Wrychester with its peaceful streets and its scene of much mystery and intrigue...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

But the breast pocket was empty; there was no pocketbook there; there were no papers there...

But he was not alone. A sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

—You can do nothing, Mitchington. You'd better have the body removed to the mortuary...

Ransford was watching Varner with a set, concentrated look. "Who—lung him?" he asked suddenly...

"You'll have to take the cathedral authorities know, Mitchington," said Ransford...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

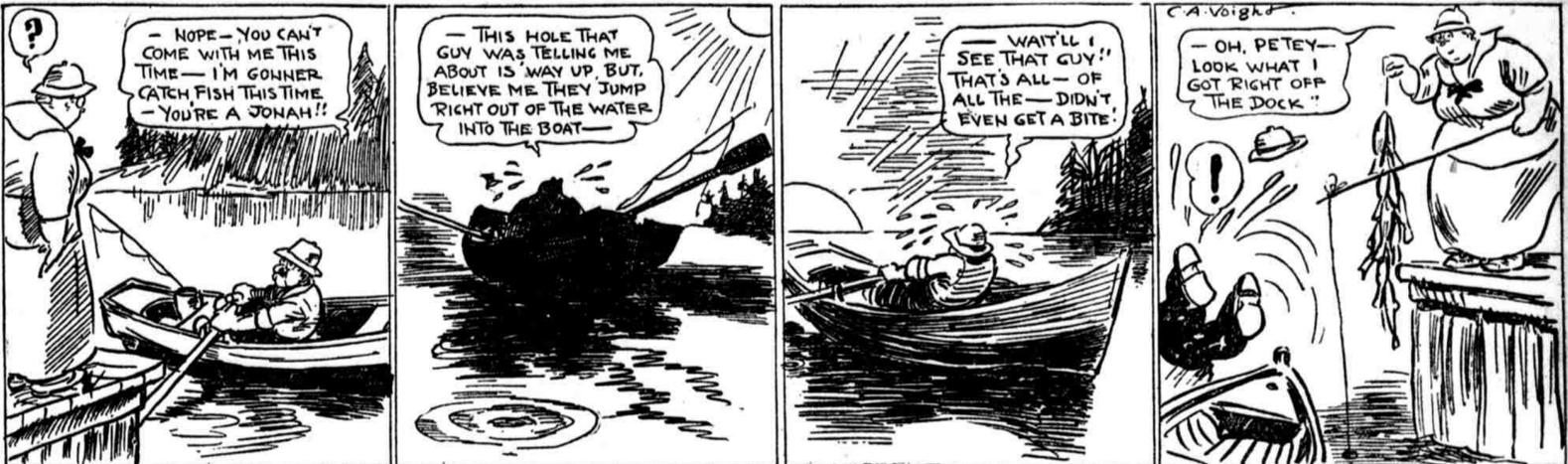
Mitchington, a sharp-eyed, dark-complexioned man, quick movement and after one glance at the body...

THE GUMPS—The Morning's Mail



By Sidney Smith

PETEY—A Common Occurrence



By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says there's no excuse for having a dog pedigreed if you give him a bath often enough and use good strong soap.

GRANDMA, THE DEMON CHAPERONE



GRANDMA HAD TO WORK VERY RAPIDLY THE OTHER DAY WHEN CLARA IN HER VERY SHORT SKIRT WAS UP IN THAT TREE TO GATHER FRUIT AND A YOUNG MAN TURNED IN THE FRONT GATE.

By FONTAINE FOX

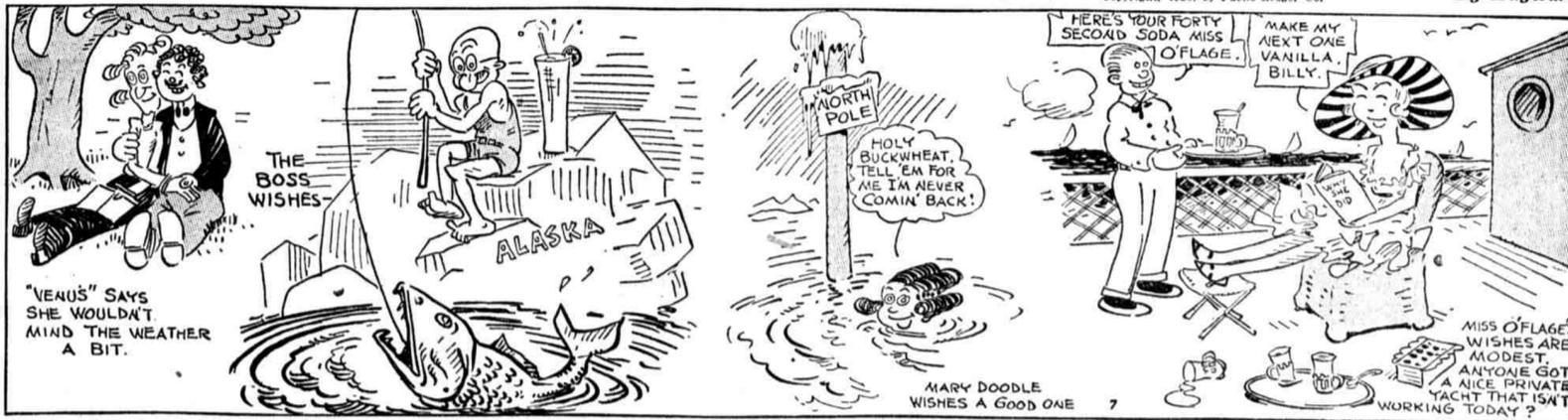
SCHOOL DAYS



THE ANCESTRAL HALL

By DWIG

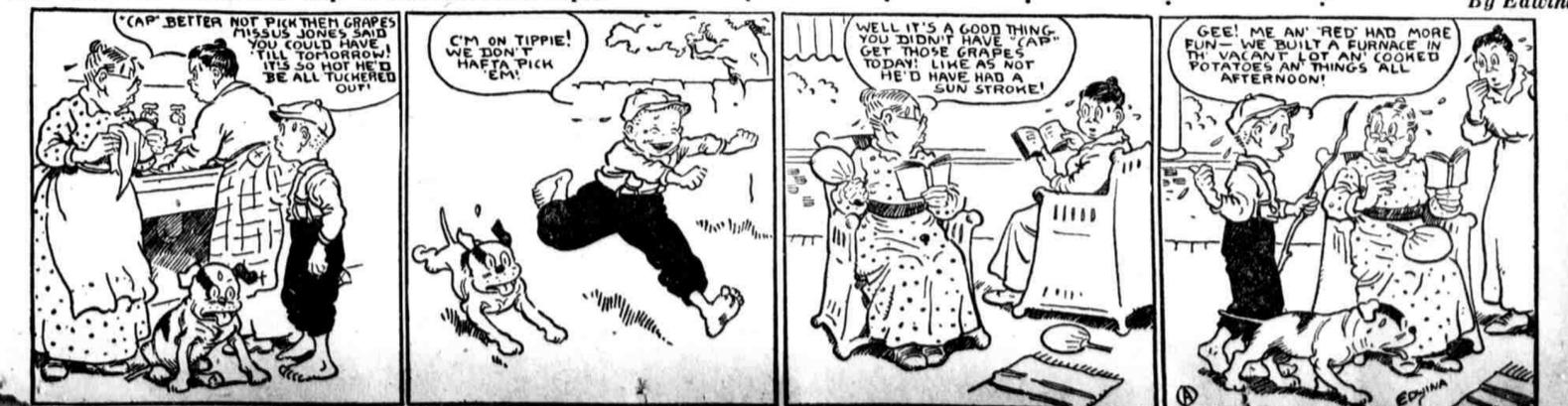
SOMEBODY'S STENOG—What Do You Wish on a Hot August Afternoon



Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.

By Hayward

"CAP" STUBBS—Leave It to "Cap" to Find a Nice Cool Spot



By Edwina

(CONTINUED MONDAY)